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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Who Would Not Go?

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain
travel,
Where lie those happier hills and men-
downs low—
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavi,
Aught of that country could we surely
know,
Who would not go?
Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chor^{us},
Or catch betimes, with wakeful eyes and
clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,
With one rapt moment given to see and
hear—
Ah, who would fear?
Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lone-
ly,
Or there, by some celestial streams as
pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were love-lit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite
sure,
Who would endure?
—E. C. Steadman.

STORY TELLER.

ELEANOR.

I was working in the mill that first day Miss Meredith passed through it—I, a lad of sixteen, in her father's employ; she, the wealthiest heiress in all our State. Yet she stopped when she came to that part of the machine I was directing, and watched me eagerly. I had seen the men turn, one by one, from their work in respectful admiration of her beauty. It was little wonder my fingers grew clumsy under her gaze. I had a taste for mechanism, a fatal inheritance some called it, from my father, whom we had found dead one bright summer morning, bending over an unfinished model. But, young as I was, Mr. Crane, our superintendent had confidence in me, and therefore assigned me the work Miss Meredith had honored me by pausing to watch. He was by her side now. Rumor said he was wooing the young heiress; but as regards that, we mill hands had little opportunity of judging; only, in the one brief glance I dared to take in the pure, lovely face smiling so brightly down upon us, I doubted whether he or any other man were worthy.

"Is not this work very difficult?" she questioned. "I should think a boy could hardly manage it."
"I requires more skill than any other," Mr. Crane answered. "But I have great faith in George, although one false turn would throw all the machinery out of order." Then he added something in a low tone which I could not hear. But before Miss Meredith left the mill she again approached me.

"Come and see me this evening, George. I want particularly to speak with you."

I bowed assent, doubtless in an awkward way; but all the rest of the long summer day, I moved as if in a dream. Eight o'clock found me promptly seeking attendance at the door of Miss Meredith's beautiful home. The footman looked inquiringly at me when I murmured the name of his mistress; but at that instant she came forth from one of the great rooms and welcomed me kindly. Her graciousness, the luxury everywhere surrounding me, the subtle atmosphere of fragrance, served to intoxicate me as I followed her, catching sight, with dismay of my ungainly figure reflected in the numberless mirrors. But when she paused, we stood alone in a large room more plainly furnished than those we had passed through, but whose walls from floor to ceiling were lined with books.

"George," she began, and I fancied a slight embarrassment in her manner, "Mr. Crane has interested me so much in you, that I think it a pity you should not have other advantages than those you possess. I sent for you to say that you may have free access to our library, if you think it will be of service to you."

I could in that moment have fallen at her feet. The books for which I had hungered were to be mine at last. In her white dress, with no color save the knot of violets in her breast, matching in hue her eyes, she seemed to my boyish fancy an angel opening the gates of heaven that I might enter in.

The next year flew swiftly by. Sometimes the sun, peeping in at my window, would find me bending over the book I had so earnestly opened the night before, and I would throw myself dressed on my bed to snatch an hour's sleep, to prepare me for the manual labor of the day. I grew pale and thin, but for that I cared nothing,

until one morning, when it came time to rise, I found my body powerless to obey my will, and sank back on my pillows into unconsciousness.

For weeks I lay tossing in delirium and fever. A memory haunted me when once more I awakened to the realities of life, of a tender touch and a face enshrined on my heart. Could it be that Miss Meredith had been to see me?

With garrulous eagerness, my nurse told me all. How she had come, not once, but many times, even in the midst of her wedding preparations, how grand the wedding was, how lovely looked the bride, and how, as Mrs. Crane, she had left for me her good-bye, since they were to cross the sea, and they might not be back for many a year.

"Married and gone!"
Like a knell the words fell on my ear, as I silently turned my head away, and the bitter tears rolled one by one down my cheek. Ah, how little was I in her life who had helped fill mine with such gladness! Yet she had not forgotten me. The house was in the care of servants (her father having joined them), but the library was left open to me, with the privilege of spending there as many hours as I would.

Ten years passed on. I held Mr. Crane's old position now. I had won it through a discovery I had made, of great value to the owners, and which (like all else that I was, or might be) I owed to Miss Meredith. I could not think of her as Mrs. Crane, not even when I learned they were coming home again, with the little girl, born the first year of their marriage in Florence, but without the father who had so worshipped her, whose body lay in a foreign grave; not even when, going up after her arrival to offer my respectful welcome, she came forward, holding by the hand a little girl, whose sunny hair fell to her waist.

My eyes glanced from the mother to the child. Was it in that moment I transferred my heart's homage? I know not. I only know that for the little creature I would willingly have laid down my life.

"We are so proud of you, George," Mrs. Crane said kindly.

But something in my throat choked my answer. I could only turn awkwardly away.

The mill grew and prospered in the years which rushed so swiftly by. I would have gone into the world to seek wider scope for my ambition but for a something tugging at my heart which kept me chained. I was an honored guest now at the old home. The poor, friendless boy no longer sought admittance to the library, but with consummate tact was made to feel himself a friend.

But how had I repaid the kindness offered? How recompensed my debt of gratitude? I had drifted idly down the current of the music of birds, and the fragrance of flowers, until suddenly, like the roar of the avalanche at my feet, though before unheard, this truth was forced upon me: I loved Eleanor Crane. She was yet but a child on the boundary line between girlhood and womanhood, the age when first I had raised my eyes to look upon her mother's face. Yet I had loved her from that first moment she had stood, a child of eight, clinging to her mother's hand, regarding the stranger with wondering eyes.

"Eleanor will marry me many years, and leave me. Oh, George, if I could but keep her always."

This was the confidence uttered one evening as we sat alone, that opened my eyes to the fatal truth. This woman, to whom I owed all, everything, should I rob of her one treasure?

Some day, perhaps, some man, great and noble might sue and be thought worthy, but for me—I turned away with a groan I could not repress.

"Are you ill?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"You have grown so white."

"Yes," I answered. "It is nothing. I will soon recover. I—I will go home and lie down."

Lie down! Through the long night I paced up and down my floor; but with the morning the battle had been fought, the victory gained my resolution formed. I would go away. I knew now what had kept my ambition dormant for so long. There was a questioning look in Mrs. Crane's eyes, a half pleading glance in Eleanor's, when I went to make my hasty good-bye, but I dared not seek to interpret them, and so went out into the world.

I was thirty-five when I mastered the problem which all these years had mastered me. Thirty-five when I knew my name was famous, and the discovery I had made had made my fortune. For three years I had devoted

to it every moment of my lonely existence, and the end was gained at last! But what availed it? It could not fill the emptiness of my life or that life's needs. Some part of my great discovery, they wrote me, they wanted applied to the mills. Would I spare them a few days to give it my personal supervision? It was a summons to obedience, so I told myself, with a sudden glad rush of my blood through every vein. I should see her; should learn if, as yet, any had gained the prize.

She welcomed me with a new, strange shyness, but my resolution had made me calm to coldness. No, as yet heartfree, her mother told me. What had I hoped, that at her words a great weight rose from my heart? The improvements had been made. The next day I was to return to my work, when it was proposed we should go in a party through the mill to witness its working. Standing by Eleanor's side, we involuntarily paused before the one quiet worker who filled my place when years before her mother had so paused and made the turning point in my life. All rushed over me with lightning speed, when Eleanor bent closer to examine the intricate machinery, turning carelessly to me to ask some questions, a light something whirled in the air, a faint scream burst from my darling's pale lips, the light drapery she wore fluttered in the awful wheel, which in another moment would have caught and crushed her fragile form.

No time for thought, no hope of rescue, if an instant's delay. How it happened no words could paint; but ere another thirty seconds had gone by Eleanor stood pale and trembling, safe, while my right arm hung helpless by my side.

"Oh, George, George, I have killed you!" I heard her say, in a tone which even in that moment thrilled me, but as I strove to answer, the agony sickened me, all grew dark; and in my strength and manhood, I fell forward at her feet.

A choking sob somewhere near me was the sound I heard, as opening my eyes I found I had been borne back to Mrs. Crane's house, and caught a glimpse of a girl's retreating figure. Mrs. Crane was sitting by my bed-side while my arm was already bandaged. When I was stronger they told me the truth. It must be amputated. I made no murmur. But now I have laid down my life. So would never must I speak my love. No gratitude must influence Eleanor's, at pity's call. But, oh, how barren stretched my life before, as the operation over, I lay one morning alone in my room, knowing how strong had been the unknown, ledged hope, now crushed forever. Even ambition must die without that right arm's help. Yet it was best so.

"Are you awake?" a soft voice questioned. And I raised my eyes to find Eleanor had stolen to my bed-side.

"Awake, and would not call us? Rebellious boy! Will you ever learn to obey?" Then—oh, did my eyes betray my hungry love which could not speak?—one little white hand came creeping into mine. A great sob rose in my darling's throat, as in a choking voice, she whispered: "George why will you be so sad? You will never go away from us again, never. I will be your right hand, dear George," this in low, solemn tones, "I would rather you had let me die than again to leave us. Tell me, do you hate me; that even now you turn away from me? What have I done? What have I done?"

As yet my misery had wrung from me no tears; but now they blot from my vision the sweet look of shame on my darling's face. With a mighty effort, I conquered myself and the hope it is torture to crush.

"Hush, dear," I said at last. "Do not be so pitiful. I could not stay, Eleanor. You must not ask it."

"Not with me?" she questioned. And looking into her azure eyes, I read her secret even as she had read mine.

"It is not pity, darling? You are sure, sure? I could not quite bear that, though I would be strong for any thing else. And if I stay, Eleanor, you will be—"

I pause, but lower and lower sinks the bright sunny head, until it rests upon my heart. In my helpless weakness, I am not strong enough to refuse the precious gift she yields as a free-will offering, and so—I win my wife,
—The Ledger.

The man who had a project on foot went to a corn doctor.

THE FUTURE OF THE DEAF.

READ BY GEORGE M. TEEGARDEN, B.A., AT THE CONVENTION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE DEAF, AT MT. AIRY, AUGUST 23, 1894.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Meeting as we do within the walls of these magnificent buildings—the State's monumental promise for the future care and education of her deaf children, I am impressed with the responsibility and honor of addressing one of the most intelligent and respectable associations of the deaf. Some generous inspiration, in keeping with the surroundings, is doubtless, expected of me. I trust I may not be disappointing while at the same time I leave your indulgence.

A glance backward over the path which we have, in the past, traversed in our efforts to advance and keep apace with the times; a look over the field of the present, and some forecast of the future will, in brief, be my theme.

The past is an open book, and "he who runs may read." The present is fraught with opportunities and possibilities. The march of progress must result in future fruition, and great are the promises for improvement in every field of labor. The future reveals how we use our present opportunities, for the present and the future represent seedtime and harvest. We look to past successes and achievements to obtain inspiration and hope for the future—to past failures to avoid future disaster, just as the husbandman looks to his past experience to direct his future operations. The impulse set in motion by dead leaders continues to exert an influence, and we catch the infection of their enthusiasm and inspiration by a contemplation of their successes and achievements. Thus it is that the past renders material assistance to the future.

The names of Gallaudet and Clerc will ever be household names among the deaf of America, as are those of De l'Epee and Sicard in France. The deaf everywhere grow enthusiastic over the bare mention of those names which mean so much to them and land them as their cherished benefactors, while the founders and disciples of a different method of instruction receive scant praise from those whom it is supposed to benefit. In this there is deep significance.

We may now see the results of this splendid and liberal system of education of the deaf in America as founded by Gallaudet, a disciple of De l'Epee and Sicard, aided by a living example of their triumph. As results of this system the deaf have advanced, are advancing, and will continue to advance as long as they continue to exert themselves; for it is from within that the greatest growth and advancement is made.

The deaf in this country have risen from the lowest social levels to positions of honor in society, to places of emolument and trust in business, and to stations of pre-eminence and power in religion. They are independent and happy, the envy of their class of other nations. Is it any wonder then that the deaf rear monuments in marble and bronze to their benefactors? Is it strange that they are ready to fight valiantly for the system of education which has made their elevation possible? Is it remarkable that they look askance at those presenting different theories or advocating methods already tried and found wanting in essential qualities? Is it strange if they cry out in alarm at those who would wantonly throw down the ladder by which others of their class may ascend to their level and even climb higher? Time and experience are great modifiers, however, but "confidence is a plant of slow growth" and "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," so the deaf are likely to "hold on to that which is good" until they are convinced there is something better to take its place. It is one of the most encouraging signs that the deaf are able and ready to fight their own battles—to discuss with dignity and wisdom all questions relating to their own interests, and in this we see a promise for future achievements and honor.

Man looks to the future for the fulfillment of his hopes—for the consummation of his ambitions. Gallaudet was looking into the future when he sailed the ocean to meet rebuff and disappointment. He was willing "to labor and to wait" for the fulfillment of his dreams. In a sense the future is a sealed book. It is uncertain to the extent of compelling all to save from the present—to lay

ap, to store for future use. "We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

The future of the deaf, then, depends on past discipline and present exertion—on the application of "principles received in the home and in the schoolroom." In schools for the deaf, the school supplies to a large degree the influences of the home. It is therefore twofold in its importance in shaping the future welfare of the deaf; especially is this true in the earlier years of the youth's education. All depends on the teacher, and on him devolves more responsibility than on a parent, for he has a variety of mental and moral characters to mould, and these he makes or mars. It is in these first years that the pupil lays the foundation for his acquisition in language and forms his tastes for future study. "What is well begun is half done," and half of a deaf-mute's success in language and mental stamina depends on the beginning, and many there be who bewail the fact that their start in life was not well begun. The tint of the flower proceeds from the roots, and the success of our efforts to a large extent is the fruit of our early training. There is always a best way of doing a thing, and it behooves the instructor of the deaf, more than any other, to discover this best way; or, consequently such a life is one of toil and constant devotion to duty—of self-sacrifice and love. The closer the relation between us and the recipient of our labor, and the fuller our sympathies, the better able are we to advance those in our charge. Who comes nearest this ideal? The intelligent, progressive, conscientious deaf teacher—his signs and all, although if a wise man he will use them judiciously.

"A boy," says Plato, "is the most vicious of all wild beasts." It is the training of this "wild beast" that is of the greatest importance. As no mere novice may attempt the training of a wild animal, so may not an inexperienced person attempt the instruction of beginners in our schools. How many have had their future prospects blasted by the pernicious theories of their instructors! How many there be, the victims of criminal negligence and incompetency! Here is where their future in language and mental development begin. Vast is the importance of a right beginning, and great is the responsibility of those who provide for it.

Some educators are glad to hide away in obscure nooks and corners the products of their labor. It is best for the unfortunate recipients of their methods that the public see them not. The intelligent deaf, however, have no reason to hide or lose themselves in the press of the hearing world. They need not fear to come forth in the full glare of the public gaze, and express their opinions and support their ideas in educational matters or whatever else that pertains to their welfare.

The spirit of restlessness and change—an unquenchable desire for something better—which permeates all American institutions, gives rise to endless experimenting, originating in new methods and the modification of old ones. Thus the methods of educating the deaf are constantly changing. Experimenting is a costly operation, and much valuable material is ruined before good results appear. The deaf are subject to this wasting progress, but, it is urged, for the benefit of future generations the present must submit to be handicapped.

That the present agitation now sweeping over the country in deaf-mute circles and the results of articulation training will have great influence over the future destinies of the deaf, cannot be gainsaid, but whether it be for good or for evil, it is not so easy to predict. To use a hackneyed political expression, the deaf are "in the hands of their friends," for it must be conceded that while there are theorists, idealists and iconoclasts among those seeking new methods, or improving old ones, there are many earnest, hard-working, fearless friends of the deaf there also, working faithfully for what they honestly believe to be their best interests. There must be great improvement in methods, however, and great expenditure of time and endurance, both on the part of the instructor and the pupil, in order to make them produce results worthy of our confidence. All this may be accomplished. God-speed the day if the deaf, as a whole, be benefited thereby. In the meantime it is well to pin our faith to

what has hitherto proved the most efficacious.

The deaf, as a body, do not antagonize articulation-teaching, now gaining such a strong foothold in many of our oldest institutions, especially when it is advocated and supported by tried friends of the deaf, capable of placing on all methods their true value, but they are not yet ready to believe that "the sign language will soon be a thing of the past." Whatever appeals to the eye—whatever conveys thought—is speech to the deaf. Signs are but the outward presentation of ideas, hence

"Sight can the signs of thought supply,
And with a look I hear."

But it is not the school alone that makes the man, any more than it is the seed alone that produces great crops, although on them much depends. On the part of the individual, it is work—constant, unremitting watchfulness for opportunities—that develops worth and makes us what we are. The deaf themselves must complete their own education and shape their own future. In learning there is no royal road, but all may scale the heights who say with Roman firmness, "I'll find a way or make it." He will succeed; he will advance; he will overcome "the lions in his way," who is "awake to duty and awake to truth." Development is the growth of activity—active brains and active hands are producers.

Inertia is the breeding ground of stagnation. No inflow, no outflow, deterioration! The shallow, green-besommed pond is not stirred by the cooling winds which bring refreshing rains—receives no freshness from the springs on the mountain side, hence it stagnates, and instead of being a blessing is a positive curse to all save venomous insects and reptiles. So is the human mind, which does not receive invigorating draughts from the springs of knowledge—fit habitation for selfishness and vice.

He who retires into himself and renounces the world, is a hermit—a useless, non-productive factor—and he who refuses or neglects to keep apace with the march of progress to the best of his ability, is little better. The deaf are handicapped and nothing comes to them save by personal exertion, so they must necessarily be students, for their minds can grow by no other means. Conversation, reading, writing, must of a necessity be a study to them. By reading we learn of wonders and resources of the wonderful world we live in; of the magnitude and mysteries of the universe; of the politics and every-day happenings; of religion and the workings of ethics; and of social and business relations.

Every conceivable thing is spread out for our selection and edification on the printed page. The thought of the philosopher, the fancy of the poet, the conceit of the humorist, the world, even, brought to our very feet may be had almost for the taking. What, then, has prevented a large portion of the deaf from taking long and frequent draughts from the "Pierian springs"? Their poverty of language. They have been lost in the wilderness of words and expression so peculiar to the English tongue. The deaf have been accused of being indifferent readers. However this may be, they are now emerging from the gloom and thralldom of isolation, for the realization of new ideas in education is breaking the shackles which confined them to the narrowness and insufficiency of the sign language and the press designed only for the deaf. They are catching the infection of Chautauqua circles. Books and periodicals are being more and more appreciated, and the deaf are helping, in a way, to realize Bishop Vincent's grand idea of a universal brotherhood of readers. "Reading maketh a full man," is as true now as when Bacon penned it.

The press and the church are wonderful educational powers. In these—the worldly and the spiritual—all things are centered. We cannot avoid them if we would rise in social and intellectual circles. "You cannot have one well-bred man without a whole society of such," says Emerson. Hence every deaf person who uses "the light which is within him," elevates all who come in contact with him. A well-stored mind and Christian example are leaven "which leaveneth the whole lump."

The future of the deaf is bright with promise. The more enthusiastic attention to their early training is bearing fruit. Technical training and the fine arts, now being established on more definite lines, will broaden their horizon. Oralism is making large promises for future achieve-

ment and consequent elevation of the deaf, but it is in the justly recognized importance of reading and the use of correct language, we see the greatest possibilities. It is reading and the consequent enlargement of our social capacity, which "restores to society," not an exclusive method of instruction—the deaf himself and not his instructor. The signboard points out the way, but if the traveller does not exert himself he will never reach the haven. The deaf must be socialists in the sense of improving their social conditions. Reading and the cultivation of the useful and beautiful in art, bring us more in touch with nature. They enrich the soul. They inspire enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the soul of success. Genuine enthusiasm is contagious. Hence reading and the appreciation of art are steps to the higher social levels. Read, then, and be enthusiastic.

The object of this society—the advancement of the deaf is being realized and its future usefulness limited only by the boundaries of the State, while the child of its adoption, The Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, is extremely robust and gives promise of continued healthy and vigorous growth.

Years ago, a prominent educator of the deaf said: "In certain sections of our country, notably in Pennsylvania, public provision for the education of the deaf and dumb is inadequate." As to Pennsylvania, this is no longer true. The State, through the enthusiastic energies of true friends of the deaf in both ends of this glorious old commonwealth, has long since made up those inadequacies, and the deaf now receive almost every possible provision to insure their future promotion.

This great institution of which these magnificent buildings are the outward evidence, and presided over it is by a cultivated, Christian gentleman and tried friend of the deaf, is a pledge that those sheltered by her wings, shall be advanced. "Onward and upward" seems to be her motto, and, in years to come, the fruits of her energies will, we believe, ripen in proportion to her material magnificence. Her sister institution, embowered among the hills of old Alleghany, although not so pretentious in outward appearance, is nevertheless just as earnest in the work of uplifting the deaf and making their future as far ahead of the present as the present is of the past.

And now, in conclusion, the deaf can further their advancement and plant their future standard far in advance of the present, if they prove themselves worthy of the benefits they receive. By their industry, mentally and physically; by their independence in thought and act; by their respect for morality and the laws of their country; by the regard they show for their benefactors; and by their efforts to acquire mental acumen; they may advance their position in social and business circles, and help to make the world better and purer by their example, and by the support they may render to the cause of religion, from whose blessed influence they have received so much that is good, and which has so often supported and encouraged them in hours of doubt and perplexity.

A Quilt of Playbills.

A quilt of satin-printed playbills is the unique possession of Mrs. W. G. Jones, an old-time actress. The quilt is composed almost wholly of playbills, which have been printed on satin for souvenir occasions. There are pieces of plain silk, embroidered with the usual designs—butterflies, horseshoes, etc.—but the beauty spots of the quilt are the playbills. Another interesting feature is that the quilt is lined with the damask crimson satin which once formed the curtains of the Old Bowery Theatre. When the New Bowery was built, most of the furnishings of the Old Bowery were sold. Mrs. Jones bought the curtains and put them to their present use. The quilt was mostly made "on the road," for Mrs. Jones did a deal of travelling when acting. "I always worked when waiting in the greenroom for my cue, she said, in referring to the work. The quilt was begun in Kansas City in 1884 and finished in New York in 1887.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer's Appointments.

SEPTEMBER.

9-8:30 P.M., Auburn.
9-7:30 P.M., Geneva.
10-7:30 P.M., Watkins.
11-Elmira and suburbs.
12-Oswego.
14-7:30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1894.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday, it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"It's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose loss of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

In a paper so carefully-edited as *Harper's Weekly*, one never expects to find and seldom discovers articles that contain gross and misleading inaccuracies. But the exception is sure to be a reality some time, and it occurs in an article in the issue of August 18th. The article treats upon the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the perpetrator of the inaccuracies it contains is S. Millington Miller, M.D. It is but just to him, however, to say that for the most part the historical data is correct, and it is only when he tackles the oral department that his extraordinary powers of imagination are brought into play. Here is a sample: "It would be possible for a graduate of the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institute to enter any college and follow the lectures by watching the Professor's mouth." Such a statement is so utterly untrue that its correction should be demanded of the publishers of the paper wherein it appeared. Its refutation can be completely accomplished by simply testing the ability of any graduating class to understand a short impromptu speech. Half of them might understand a few words here and there, but none of them could write out the speech as it was given. Some of the teachers, by exaggerated motions of the lips—which constitute mouth-signs—might succeed, but no stranger could make himself understood. Again, S. Millington Miller, M.D., asserts that the deaf can "hear involved and continuous conversation from the delicate movements of the speaker's lips thrown in profile upon a white wall." This trick has been accomplished, but the conversation was not "involved and continuous." In the case that came under our observation, it was accomplished, after extended training for the purpose, by a young lady whose powers of anticipation were exercised a great deal more than her eyesight. The sentences she read were short and simple. As a final example of reckless credulity and assertion, Dr. Miller says that "average deaf and dumb children are taught to speak and write connected and intricate sentences in sixteen months from the day on which they heard nothing and knew nothing. At the end of that time they hear correctly with their eyes."

It is such exaggerated claims as the above that bring out the earnest and repeated protests of the intelligent and better-educated deaf men of the whole country. Pure-oral teaching has been prosecuted in this country for about thirty years. It is reasonable to expect results at this time and not rely upon promises. Is there any oral-taught deaf person who has successfully pursued a college course with the hearing? If there is, we have no record of his wonderful achievement, although Dr. Miller claims they can "follow the lectures by watching the motions of the lips." One very clever young man, who lost his hearing at sixteen years of age, and who was acknowledged to be the best lip-reader of the oral school he attended, as he was easily the best scholar, tried to go through Columbia College but failed. There are examples of deaf men taught on the "combined system," who have taken college degrees at Yale and Oxford, and there are scores of men who were educated on a "more flexible" system than pure-oralism, who have acquired a college education at Washington,

D. C. The fact is, speech and speech-reading are cultivated and carried on more successfully at school than in after life, and the apparently marvelous things done at exhibitions can not be duplicated with other persons in other places. Constant association and every-day intercourse with a single teacher, is the true explanation of this wonderful school exhibit.

There are very few educated deaf men to-day, who do not concede a full measure of importance to the oral work in our institutions, and there is not one who would detract from its successes or attempt to curtail the advantages it offers to their brethren in a common misfortune. But they do—and will continue to—denounce any imposition practised upon the public, either under the guise of benevolence or to bolster up a method adapted to the minority at the expense of a system that is necessary for the majority. That oral-teaching is increasing its benefits and is deserving of commendation when limited to its proper sphere, we are very willing to admit and even to emphasize; but we are quite positive its success should not be dependent upon exaggerated or misleading statements made through the public press.

PHILADELPHIA.

A FEW NOTES CONCERNING THE CONVENTION—THE EXCURSION TO ATLANTIC CITY, ETC.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Mrs. M. A. Paullin, the only surviving pupil of the first class taught at the Pennsylvania Institution, was the guest of the Institution during the Convention, and her eighty-third birthday was celebrated on the 23d ult. She received numerous greetings and congratulations during the day.

Messrs. Henry Bades, superintendent of the shoemaking department at the Western Pennsylvania Institution, and Isaac W. Dewees, who were educated together at the Ohio Institution about twenty years ago, met at Mt. Airy.

Over one hundred and eighty deaf-mutes went to Atlantic City, N. J., on the 24th ult. Most of them took a dip in the salt water. They patronized the bath house of Kepple & McCann, and the dining-room of Evers' Hotel. The Association gained a commission of over fourteen dollars from both places, besides a good profit from the railroad company.

A good number of the excursionists took a sail on a yacht over the sea for more than one-and-a-half hours. Three of them got sea-sick.

Here are a few of the odd and curious sights witnessed on the 24th ult., on the bathing beach:

A group of deaf-mutes on the sand, and then in the sea, were "taken" by Photographer Kershner.

Several deaf-mutes showed themselves up in several athletic feats before the public on the beach.

One of the beach saddle-horses, with a flowing mane and tail running away and splashing through the surf in magnificent freedom, followed by numbers of half-naked people yelling, and covering about a mile or more of the ocean front before he was captured.

A fat father of twins rolling along the sand in a perambulator got mad at their crying and tumbled them out, and the mother, who was near at hand, pulled the husband down and threw the baby van on top of him and walked off with the twins, amid the applause of the spectators.

Two deaf ladies narrowly escaped from being knocked down and run over by a trolley car near the yacht inlet.

Several visitors paid a call at All Souls' Club on Saturday evening of last week, and the church the next day.

Miss Rudd, ex-student of Gallaudet College, of Missouri, who has been in this city for one month, was at All Souls' Church on the Sunday after the Convention. She was not aware of the convention and excursion. She expects to go West soon.

Mr. W. Houston left for New York last Saturday for a ten days' visit.

THE RECORDER.

The Newark Picnic.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, which holds its festival and games on Saturday, September 15th, will give sterling silver prizes for bowling (by ladies), running match, bicycle race, and to the manager of the winning base ball team. The entry fees are 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1, according to the contest. Further information can be had from

CHARLES McMANUS, Chairman,
100 Court St., Newark, N. J.

The feature of the county fair at Mansfield will be the wedding of a couple of nuptials, the ceremony to be performed in the sign language.—*Lorain, O., Herald.*

Miss Carolyn K. Haller, of Batavia, has returned from Silver Lake, where she has spent the past three weeks. Her sister, Miss Lydia M. has gone to Buffalo, intending to go thence to Tonawanda, remaining away about two weeks.

WHISPERINGS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is No. 61 Everett Street, Allston, Mass.

The reporter of the Worcester Gazette was one of the persons most interested in the convention proceedings, and expressed confidentially to "Free Lance" some of his impressions of the members and other matters, the most unique of which was the following: "Tell the readers of your paper (the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL) that while the general public came in expecting to hear not a sound, yet there were sounds heard from some in their endeavors to speak." Being of an investigating turn of mind, I asked him to elucidate his statement, and he obligingly elucidated as follows: "I hear sounds at times that remind me of a child that is just learning to talk. These are produced especially when the person is pleased or has something to say quickly. I am surprised at the progress made in the wonderful means of communication between one another by the sign language. Thoroughly to master the signs and convey ideas of the mind from one person to another, requires keen perceptive faculties."

Secretary Babbitt has received the following letter from Mayor Marsh:

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
WORCESTER, MASS.,
August 29, 1894.

HENRY E. BABBITT, Esq., Sec'y:

DEAR SIR:—Your kind note of August 29th, informing me of my election as an honorary member of your Association, was duly received.

I hasten to express to you my grateful appreciation of the honor conferred.

It gave me pleasure to welcome you, and I hope that you took away none but the pleasantest impressions of our city. Truly yours,

HENRY A. MARSH.

Editor Chamberlain gave an instance of ready wit and presence of mind rare among the deaf on public occasions. After having enumerated the resolutions of thanks to everybody and everything in general, he stepped down, and some one at the reporter's table reminded him that he had forgotten to mention Prof. Clark's valuable services as Interpreter. It was an embarrassing situation, but he clambered back to the platform saying, that in going fishing we always manage to lose the biggest fish. It was a neatly-turned compliment and everybody applauded his remark, and Prof. Clark smiled the blandest of all.

Dan Nichols dropped into town with Hubert S. Titcomb to see us. They both imported free of duty a fine coat of tan, with ruddy cheeks and peeled-off noses. Dan had been sick, scarcely able to move about, before going away to Westport, Me., and he returned with an added weight of ten pounds and looks 100 per cent better. Mr. Titcomb expressed himself as having been delighted with an outing by the seaside, and returned home this time, but with the avowed intention of putting in a whole summer next year by the seashore.

Mr. Nichols has gone back after a brief visit to Lynn. They gave glowing accounts of an idyllic life on an island, where they roamed to their hearts' content in the woods or basked in the sun by the cool waves or took a nap on the rocky cliff with nobody to disturb them. Of fish, clams and lobsters from the briny deep, and milk, vegetables, etc., from the land, they had in plenty. The monotony of their life was varied by fishing, boating and bathing. Messrs. Nichols and Titcomb have bought a big lot of land upon which they propose to build a cottage boarding house, capable of accommodating thirty guests. Next season they will welcome any parties of the deaf and their friends at very low rates. The round trip is only \$2.75, and in a party of ten, the charges for board and lodging would not be over \$6.00 for each person. For a season of *dolce far niente* with nobody to stare them out of countenance, with the nearest church four miles away and the post-office two miles off through the woods, the cottage by the wild waves at Westport offers unusual attractions, and a party of New York and Boston deaf-mutes is being talked of as being bound for that cottage by the sea, next summer.

There has been a general desire for camping-out parties by the deaf this summer, but the plan was given up on account of the conventions. Next year there will be nothing going on, and an exclusive camping-out party under the management of two ladies of the brightest respectability, is already planned out, with Baker's Island in Salem Harbor as the objective point. It is said that a meeting will be called for this winter, to make arrangements for the purpose. It is not to be a public affair, but simply a select party of friends, and Prof. Reynolds, of Malone, N. Y., is reported to have promised to join this party. If all the best-known men and women in New England who have been mentioned as belonging to this party, attend it, the affair will be one of the most select. The details are known only to a few of the ladies interested in it, and probably will not be made known for a long time.

In the Boston-Cincinnati game, Hoy sent the ball spinning over the fence, scoring a home run, and the spectators rose as one man, waving their hats or applauding with their hands. Hoy returned the salute with a graceful bow.

A pleasant party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Lang in Lynn last week, at which were present Miss Ellen A. Young, of New Hampshire; Miss Gertrude A. Spurr, Mr. and Mrs. Spurr, of Salem; Henry S. Ellis and wife, besides Ed. Welch, the great American traveler, who is

forever on the go between here and Canada. A bountiful supper was served by Mrs. Lang, who is fast acquiring a fine reputation in the culinary art among her friends. Talking of the longevity of the deaf folks, Mr. Ellis is 63, and Mrs. Ellis is 73 years old. Miss Spurr's father had been working in Lynn for a year or two, and sent for his whole family from Nova Scotia last May. Miss Spurr is reported as going to marry another deaf-mute and going back to Nova Scotia, this Fall.

Mr. Pach's paper, read at the Mt. Airy Convention, had one fault—it was too prolix and discursive, like the sermons of some of our "clerical friends." It is evident that "Hypo" has never written for the metropolitan press, or he would have been taught by the inexorable editors to boil it down, but his views, which after all are the main things, are eminently sound and practical. There is no charity in business matters. Men would sooner give a deaf-mute \$5 out of charity than pay him \$1 for his work above any one else. They are as much disposed to kick at a deaf-mute's prices as at those of any other man, and only on account of superior excellence or lower prices can a deaf-mute in business hope to compete with other men. Pach is right in saying that the spirit of "push" is as essential to success for a deaf-mute as for his hearing rivals. He need not expect any favors on account of his deafness, and I don't see as it is anything to be regretted. "A fair field and no favors" ought to suit a man with pride enough in himself and confidence in his pushing qualities. One thing to be noticed is that a deaf-mute in business is invariably treated with more respect and consideration, but if any man feels like giving aid and countenance to a deaf-mute because he has a harder hill to climb, he had better take it without a grimace, as other men take the sweets and bitters of this life as a matter of course. Pach evidently understands the ways of the world, not only in business but in other directions as well, which need not be mentioned here.

FREE LANCE.

The Educational Methods of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at the Present Time.

Read by Supt. A. L. E. Crouter, at the Convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, at Mt. Airy, Pa., August 23, 1894.

To describe briefly, but let me hope, clearly to you the methods of instruction pursued in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at the present time, with whatever of comment or criticism as may seem pertinent or necessary, will be the purpose of this paper. For convenience sake, we may treat the subject under two heads, the Intellectual Methods and the Industrial Methods.

First, the Intellectual Methods. Now do not be misled by this high-sounding term—I am not going to inflict a psychological essay upon you,—by it I simply mean the methods we pursue in developing the mental faculties of the pupils who come to us for instruction. To make present methods of class-work stand out more clearly and distinctly, let me recall for a moment the methods in vogue when you were at school, for in this way you will better understand and appreciate the changes that have occurred in the period that has elapsed since you left the institution. In the olden time children were not admitted for instruction until they were at least ten years old. It wasn't thought worth while to expend time or labor upon them before they reached that age; they couldn't grasp ideas, couldn't be made to understand or appreciate sufficiently to warrant anything like systematic instruction before they had reached that period in life. And upon admission they were placed in classes of from twenty to thirty each, sometimes more, under the instruction of earnest, capable teachers, who were expected to accomplish little short of the miraculous in each instance. Let us go over some of the steps then pursued: The very first thing was to teach signs for words. You remember the old vocabulary, prepared no doubt with much zeal, by Mr. Hutton, which you learned, word by word, nouns, verbs, adjectives, pronouns, prepositions, adverbs, and all, a sign first—and a good one too—for each and every word, then the spelled and then the written word. The test of understanding was the remembrance of the sign, for how could a boy or girl know what a word meant if he couldn't give the sign for it? How you went up and down those columns of words, signing and spelling, and spelling and signing, till you knew every one of them perfectly, had them at the very tips of your fingers, never at the ends of your tongues,—not at that time. The next step was to learn to form all these carefully memorized words into sentences. And now the trouble began. The words wouldn't stay in their places. The teacher always gave the sentences in proper form; the pupils committed them to memory as given. They could sign (always the final test) them properly, but when they came to use these words on their own hook, they got dreadfully out of kilter—the nouns and verbs, the adjectives and the adverbs, the subject and predicate seemed to know no law, and got themselves mixed most promiscuously. The poor teacher went frantic, and the wretched pupils stood by helpless and sometimes hopeless. The next step was story-rendering and story-writ-

ing. Here the strong minds, the semi-mutes and the semi-deaf, shot ahead—the method made no difference in their cases—but the weaker ones fell helplessly to the rear. Then came more ambitious work; geography, history, arithmetic, and very little in physics, and all crowded into the space of six years. The wonder to me is that with such, as I think, mistaken methods, so much work was accomplished in so short a time. And much really good work was accomplished—not for the many, it is true, but for the few. But a method of instruction that benefits the few at the expense of the many, cannot be regarded as a good or a successful method. A method to be a good method, a successful method, must reach the many, the masses subjected to its operations, its failures of treatment must constitute a very small proportion of the whole number taught.

Without egotism of any kind or degree, I think I may say to you to-day—and I know you will appreciate the statement—that the methods of instruction pursued in the Institution at the present time reach in a very remarkable degree the standard of results demanded in my definition of a good method; our successes make up the masses of our pupils, our failures are found among the few. In the majority of cases the pupils of to-day, if they take anything like the full course of study, become good English scholars; they are great readers, and correct writers, and have a fund of information remarkable for its extent and for its variety.

You now rightly ask me to explain how this improved condition of things has been brought about. In reply let me say that the change has been gradual; it has been a growth, an evolution, as all enduring changes must be. There have been no sudden reversals of policy or of method, but rather a gradual and consistent development from what was to what is. Let me give you what seems to me to be the principal elements that have been at work in effecting this change.

First, the element of time. Prior to the year 1884 the period of instruction was limited to six years, but, at the session of the Legislature of that year, an appeal was made for an increase in the time allowed, and an act was passed making the term of all State pupils ten years. And I may be permitted to add in this connection that application will be made at the coming session to increase the term two years more, making the full term twelve years. I shall have something further to say upon this when I come to consider the subject of Industrial Training. This greatly increased period of instruction has undoubtedly proven an important factor in the improvement of our work, especially so in the instruction of the more backward pupils. It has given time for that constant repetition that ends in permanent impression in the case of dull minds, and has enabled us to systematize and round out a higher and better course of study for all. As compared with most other schools (New York schools alone excepted) for the deaf, our term of instruction is as long, and our course of study as varied and full as the best. And in connection with this increase in the term of instruction there has been a corresponding decrease in the size of the classes; in other words, the length of the term and the number of teachers employed have been almost doubled during the past ten years. It will not be necessary to point out to you the great advantages of these two changes; they are too evident to call for demonstration at my hands. As chief among them, however, may be mentioned better grading, improved discipline, and greater attention to class-work—important factors in the progress and well-being of any school.

The second element of progress to which I would call your attention is that of method of instruction. Undoubtedly great changes have been made in the methods of instruction pursued in this Institution during the past ten years, and quite as many and as important ones in the Manual Department as in the Oral.

But before proceeding further let me impress upon your minds the fact that this is primarily an educational institution, a school maintained for the instruction and education of the deaf, not a home or an asylum, and that the chief thing it concerns itself about is the proper mental and moral development of its pupils; that beside this essential aim, mere form or method of imparting instruction sinks into insignificance except in so far as they may best promote the object of the school's existence. Whether a greater or less number of its pupils shall be taught orally or taught manually doesn't signify when set up against the greater and more important question whether a greater or less number may thereby become educated, intelligent members of the community, and self-respecting, self-supporting citizens of the Commonwealth. This understood, let us go on with the consideration of the changes in the methods of instruction mentioned, a moment ago, as having taken place in the past ten years, and which in my judgment have been instrumental in raising the Institution to its present standard of efficiency.

And first in our Manual Work: The most important feature in this department of our work has been the constantly increasing importance given to spelled and written language and the constantly diminishing use of signs. Ah, now some friend is going to say, "You believe in the total abolition of signs. You said at

Chicago that signs would soon be swept out of every school in the country." My good friend, not so fast. I do not believe in impossibilities, and I never said in Chicago or anywhere else that signs would be swept out of the country. I do say, however, that for purposes of instruction the use of signs is decreasing in every well-conducted school for the deaf in the United States, in this one, very notably so, and that the use of spelled, or written, or spoken language, is constantly increasing. We no longer spend time in teaching signs for words, or for phrases, or for sentences; we no longer spend precious hours in signing stories; we give the whole time to the teaching of English, to familiarizing our pupils with English forms, not with meaningless sign forms, and to impressing upon them the paramount importance of acquiring a ready and correct command of the vernacular language of their country. To this end, in the Manual Department, instruction in language is given in spelled or written form when and wherever possible. The use of English is encouraged; the use of signs is discouraged; in the sitting-rooms, in the dining-rooms, in the chapel. Indeed, I may say wherever the pupils are to be found. And the result has been markedly good in almost every instance, even among the very backward pupils where it was feared the effect of the method would be doubtful if not disastrous. One of the most agreeable and most noticeable results is the growing tendency to think and communicate in English instead of in signs as in olden times. Now this is a great gain, one that all educated deaf-mutes, and all teachers of the deaf, will appreciate, and I am sure that you will join with me in congratulating the school in the great gain it has made in this direction.

As contributing largely to this desirable end, I cannot omit some mention of the Five-Column Method of teaching language, originated by Miss Kate Barry of this school. Language presented to the mind of a deaf child by this method, appeals at once to its understanding. The child cannot fail to comprehend and appreciate the meaning and use of the forms given; they are self-explanatory, just as the simple language forms acquired by a hearing child are self-explanatory. Signs have no place in this method; they are unnecessary, and therefore useless. Indeed, it is not too much to say that with the introduction and perfection of this simple method of teaching language, the pupils of both departments, the oral as well as the manual, have rapidly and easily attained to a knowledge and use of correct English that has been as remarkable as it is certainly surprising.

Other exceedingly helpful aids have been found in Mr. Booth's Method of teaching numbers, and in the cultivation of the reading habit. Did time permit I should like to dwell upon these features, now recognized, as among the most important in connection with the education of the Deaf. I can only stop to say that whereas arithmetic and reading were once dull and laborious tasks for most of our pupils, they have now become their particular delight, and the boy or girl without a book to read or a problem to solve is a lonely exception indeed. For the general course of instruction pursued in the school, irrespective of method of instruction, I refer you to the published annual reports of the Institution.

Secondly, Changes in our Oral Work: Great changes have occurred in the method and extent of the work of our oral department in the period to which I refer in this paper. At the Eleventh Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, held at Berkeley, Cal., the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That earnest and persistent endeavors should be made in every school for the deaf to teach every pupil to speak and read from the lips, and that such efforts should be abandoned only when it is plainly evident that the measure of success attained does not justify the necessary amount of labor.

This resolution, offered by my good friend President E. M. Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D., of the National Deaf-Mute College, now Gallaudet College, of Kendall Green, Washington, had the cordial support and approval of every member of that convention, myself among the number. I believed in and supported it eight years ago. I believe in and support it now; and permit me to say that while other schools may have faltered in the support they there and then gave to the principles set forth in that resolution, this school has gone steadily forward according to the light and experience it has had, resolved "to teach every pupil to speak and read from the lips," and to abandon the effort only when it became "plainly evident that the measure of success attained did not justify the necessary amount of labor." This Institution has been consistently pursuing the policy laid down by Dr. Gallaudet (and he surely is a safe guide) in this resolution for ten years; it will continue to pursue it, let us hope, for all time to come, giving to every child that comes to it for instruction full and fair opportunity to learn to speak and read the lips, and, failing that, to teach it by other methods. "But how many of these failures will there be?" asks some inquiring friend. Frankly I cannot answer the question—there may be many, there may be few, but few or many, believe me, none, not one, shall ever be neglected in this school. As I said a while ago, mental development is the paramount question, and that question shall ever receive paramount consideration in this Institution. May the deaf child be taught

to speak and to read the lips and be educated in that way? It shall have the best opportunity possible. May it not be so taught? Then its education shall be carried forward by other means. You see we are agreed on intelligent deaf man can disagree with such a broad and liberal system of instruction, and your old *Alma Mater* now, as in times past, is endeavoring to conserve the best interests of all the pupils confided to her care.

But, after all, this question of oral or non-oral instruction has become, in almost all our schools for the deaf, a question mostly of degree: in pure oral schools they teach speech to all their pupils all the time; in Combined schools they teach speech to some of their pupils some of the time; in this school we teach oral pupils by oral methods all the time, and manual pupils by manual methods, not less heartily all the time, all thus having equal privileges and sharing equally in the advantages of instruction provided by the school. And it is confidently believed that by this system at once broad and liberal, is promoted the highest and best good of all our pupils, each one having advantage of profiting by that form and method of instruction that is best suited to his capacity and condition. I am glad to know, as stated by your president in his able and interesting address this morning, that in pursuing this broad and liberal policy of providing speech methods of instruction for those of our pupils who may be profited by them, and manual methods of instruction for those who may not be so instructed, and a truly liberal education for all, irrespective of method, the Institution has the cordial sympathy and support of all the members of this Association; and I may assure you that such sympathy and such support is highly appreciated, not alone by myself, but by the Board of Directors, who hold the advancement and prosperity of all the deaf, your Association included, closely at heart.

I turn now to the important matter of Industrial Training. As you are no doubt aware, the handsome and well appointed building provided for the training of our pupils to some form of handicraft was built and donated to the Institution by Mr. John T. Morris, one of its Vice-Presidents, and a generous and liberal-minded friend of deaf-mute instruction. In it, under competent instructors, are taught tailoring, shoe-making, printing, baking, carpentering, dressmaking, painting and glazing, and drawing, and to this already extended course in trade-teaching is to be added during the coming year, instruction in cooking and house-keeping, millinery-work, working in lead and iron, and gardening, and, later on, photography. In past years, two hours per day were devoted to trade-teaching, and much good resulted therefrom, but to enable our pupils to profit to the fullest possible extent from the system of instruction provided in this department, the Board have decided to add, as I have already stated, two more years to the regular course, and to devote this added time very largely to trade-teaching, and thus, instead of the two hours, or two hours and a half, that we have been able daily to give to this important part of our work in times gone by, not less than five hours will be given hereafter. The great benefits to be derived from such a course can hardly be over-estimated: Every boy and every girl taking it will go forth an expert mechanic, and be enabled at once to take their places as journey-workmen in the great industries of the State.

Permit me in closing to thank you for the patient hearing you have given me while endeavoring to set before you the purposes and aims of your old *Alma Mater*. Many of you, graduating years ago and living at remote distances from the school, have not had opportunity to keep in touch with the spirit of progress that has dominated the work she has been doing in recent years, and I am therefore glad to have the opportunity to set before you, however inadequately, the great work she is endeavoring to accomplish in behalf of the deaf of the State at the present time.

After all, it is not methods so much as teachers. A poor method with a good teacher behind it, is worth a great deal more than a good method with a poor teacher striving to carry it into effect. We do have—and it has ever been my aim to have—a good corps of instructors. With such able teachers as Mr. Booth, Mr. Walker, Mr. Elwell, Mr. Taylor, Miss Sutton, Miss Foley, and many others in the Manual Department, and Mr. Kirkhuff, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Gruver, Miss McDowell, Miss Bliss, Miss Barry, and others equally good, in the Oral Department, with even poorer methods than those I have been endeavoring to describe, good results must follow and the progress of the pupils be assured. Let me add, what I feel assured each and every one of you already feel and know, it will always be my sincere pleasure to welcome you within our walls, and to strive by word and act to maintain the interest and keep steadfast the loyalty I know you entertain for the school in which you have such a common interest and united love.

Louis Lyons, of Chicago, went on an excursion to St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., on August 26th.

Mrs. Ruben Groot, former Mrs. Phebe A. Potter, of Glenville, N. Y., died at her home in Dakota, on the 10th of August, aged 54 years. Her death were brought to Glenville for interment. Rev. Mr. Morton officiated at the funeral. The deceased was a cousin of Jane Ann Romeyn, of Glenville, N. Y.

NEW YORK.

The Home Picnic a Small-Sized Convention.

PLENTY OF NOISE AND FUN.

Notes Thereon—Other Notes In and Outside.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The Home picnic on Saturday afternoon and evening, September 1st, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes, was not as well attended as the nature of the event and the laudable purpose for which it was given seemed to demand.

A few disinterested persons said the committee depended too much on the announcement it was in aid of the Home to draw a crowd. Others blamed the lateness of the season, the long distance to and from the park and their homes, and the proneness of many deaf-mutes to give a wide berth to an enterprise where charity is the main point. In other respects there was plenty of noise and silent fun enjoyed by the assembly, who for the most part spent the afternoon and evening at Bay View Park. Late in the evening, the native element of the district where the park is situated, helped to give a crowded semblance to the immense dancing platform. They were of the kind that never miss an opportunity to indulge in the pastime. Sometimes they pay for the privilege, and oftentimes do not. The way they flocked in at the conclusion of Part II. of the programme, seemed to indicate they gained access from other directions than where the box-office was located.

The march was well carried out. Mr. I. Timberger, in military regalia, and lady, leading.

During the afternoon there was plenty of diversion for the picknickers. The drum and fife corps of J. L. Riker Post, G. A. R., arrived early, and under Mr. Timberger's direction, executed military manoeuvres, and otherwise enlivened the proceedings to such an extent the West, a mile further down the avenue, must have been perturbed over the amount of noise necessary to impress deaf-mutes they were having a good time.

As a drum-major, Mr. Timberger was a success from beginning to end. Those who saw his dexterous handling of the drum-major's baton marveled at the ease with which his fatigue cap persisted in bobbing up and down over his expressive bangs. He whizzed his baton over his head and let it come down in his capacious paw, without any apparent exertion, that it was not a feat of every-day occurrence.

After dusk the picnic was in full blast, but the drummers and fifers had gone home, leaving one or two of their number to remain as evidence to late comers they had been there and conquered the assembly beyond any amount of description.

The professor of magic and fire-eating gentleman failed to put in appearance. In explanation for his absence, it was said the Gorman tariff had raised the ante on the article used by his class to impress the public they were eating the genuine fire—hot coal or whatever you like.

There was a convention-like aspect about the picnic, due to the number of visiting nutes from other States. The benign and jovial S. J. Vail, of Indiana, was, in this connection, the furthest from home. He was on one of his periodical eastern trip from far-off Indiana. He had a word here and there with all he met, but found most consolation in the company of his old school chums, A. A. Barnes, et al.

Another individual of prominence, and an enthusiastic JOURNAL boomer, hailed from Philadelphia. His first name reminds of that world-renowned Wall Street boomer, Washington Connor. When greeted, the abbreviation of Wash. Houston (it was him) always comes to mind. Mr. Houston is still in the world for the good there is in it. He lives in Quakerdom, but reverts to New York with pleasant recollections as his one true home. He arrived at the park rather late, having just made the trip from Philadelphia. During the next ten days he will remain in Gotham on a visit to his sister, who abides in Tremont.

There was Gilbert Parker, of Bridgeport; Miss Axt, of New Haven; Miss Tillie Hericht, of Norwalk, Conn., also present, representing the "Land of Steady Habits."

Last, but not least, the picknickers, and especially those of the male gender, had the pleasure of greeting William E. Hoy, the only mute who has succeeded to the distinction of being a member of the National League and American Association of Baseball Players. Hoy was fresh from the Polo Grounds, where his team, the Cincinnati, had won one game and lost another to the Giants. Mr. Hoy had scarcely a moment to feel lonesome while at the picnic. He was the circle of an admiring group all through the evening, and

must have felt convinced by the attention shown him from the fair sex as well as the boys who dote on baseball, his transfer to the Giants would be heartily welcomed.

Another thing that gave a conventional-like flavor to the gathering was the amount of discussion ensuing on the three eastern gatherings—Worcester, New York, and Philadelphia. A dozen or more of those present had been at one or the other or all of the meetings. John Wilkinson waxed warm in praise of the treatment he received and the enjoyment he derived, at and from the Worcester gathering. He is down for attending the next one, when it comes around.

Robert Maynard expressed himself as greatly pleased with what was done and what he did with the rest of his party at Philadelphia. Pach's gameness in juggling with the signs necessary to make plain what was contained in his interesting paper, considering the size of the carabanele on the nape of his neck, impressed those who know him he is imbued with the courage of a Spartau and the patience of Job.

"Ted," with his usual penchant for booming things, also said he enjoyed the Worcester trip, as well as the routine of the three days' session. That his hands were full may be conjectured, considering he had to look after the welfare of his better half and young Irving, at the same time acting as agent for the JOURNAL and corresponding for the *Exponent*.

The clever Tom Godfrey gave us the best history of the Empire State Association session. Tom has good reason to feel satisfied with the excellent record he made as newspaper correspondent. He expressed himself as more pleased with the late gathering than any of the others he has attended. On the college subject he was manifestly interested. His inability to get the Association to fix on the date and location of the next convention, he regretted. He wants it down this way, at least as far as Albany.

Mr. Thomas F. Fox also had good words for the New York Convention, but for the time being discussed at greater length Quad Club home prospects, etc., more than convention matters.

It can be judged from the above the picnic was something of a convention in itself. It only lacked the platform and the call to order of the presiding officer. The picnic-goers left the convention business drop when the band began to play, and dancing went along at a lively rate. In the between and in some instances while the waltzers were cavorting over the floor, the bar and tables in the refreshment rooms adjoining proved drawing cards of irresistible attraction.

The local clubs were well represented, the Quad, Xavier, Manhattan Literary Association, Union League, Brooklyn Society and New Jersey Society, having something to do here and there with the festivities.

It was said Mr. G. L. Reynolds, the editor of Malone, was present during the afternoon. He must have left early, as a search for his editorial dignity was unproductive of anything.

The management, Charles E. Green, Henry L. Juhring and W. G. Gilbert, succeeded in clearing expenses, with something like twenty or thirty dollars as a reward for their efforts, which will all go to the Home.

The affair was over by twelve o'clock, and the thoughts of the silent public turn to the next to come, that of the New Jersey Society, September 15th.

Current reports indicate it is going to be something out of the ordinary. If the programme, as arranged, is carried out, it will be the best of the season. The park will open as early as 1:30 p.m. The early comers can have a chance to dilate on the merits of the Xavier Club's and New Jersey Society's ball teams. Thomas Grogan is managing this end of the game, and has together a team hard to beat, unless the New Jersey boys smuggle in a few regular professionals. For the New Jersey nine, Johnny Shea will in all probability cover an infield position, as he is a member of the Ironsides, of Newark, and plays for the sake of local reputation. Hayden and Jackson form the Xavier's battery, while the rest of the team are equally as capable in their respective positions. A silver mug goes to the winning nine. Following the ball game, athletics will ensue, the card consisting of 100 and 200 yards sprints and a half-mile run, tug of war between Fanwood Quad Club, Union League, Mutual Club, of Philadelphia, and the home organization's teams; putting the shot, throwing baseball, and running high and long jumps. Several events are open to ladies, the prizes to be given embracing solid and sterling silver pins, belts and inkstand for ladies, smokers' set, flasks, medal, trays, silver cup for the men. The sprints and half-mile will bring together, with little doubt, Charley Le Clercq, of the Quad Club, and R. Ormrod, of Pennsylvania. There's a supposition several strangers will appear and give these two worthies a scare they may not forget. It looks as if the Quad Club team will put more than daylight between themselves and their opponents in the tug of war. The jumps will naturally incite still further rivalry, as the prizes are said to be really valuable. The ball game will start off at 2 p.m., and for an umpire who knows his business we propose Thomas Winnifred Brown.

This Thursday evening news as the introductory of the Manhattan Literary Association's advent on the season of 1894-5.

On Wednesday, September 12th, between three and six p.m., the Palmer-Bothner nuptials will be celebrated. The event transpires at the home of the bride's parents, on East 53d Street. Rev. John Chamberlain will officiate.

Sunday next will re-open the services for Catholic deaf-mutes at St. Francis Xavier's. Rev. Joseph M. Stadelmann, S.J., will officiate and introduce to his auditors, Rev. Mr. Howe, S.J., who is to be his associate hereafter in spiritual work among the deaf. Father Stadelmann will be pleased by the presence of all Catholic deaf-mutes in the vicinity, Brooklyn and New Jersey.

Use your own judgment on what follows: "J. F. D." and "Tigg" row a boat race. "J. F. D." rows a mile course, while "Tigg" rows over a mile and a quarter's course. At the finish "J. F. D." is less than two boat lengths in the van. Who is entitled to rowing honors? Referee Mahoney, Sundstorm and a crowd of spectators will vouch for the truthfulness of this. Despite the results "J. F. D." was loaded to the gunwales with "ifs" and "buts."

The Union League Club opens for business in early October. They have a date already engaged for their ball in January.

Frank Nubser and Arthur Bachrach are home from a royal two weeks' outing in the Adirondacks. Peter Mitchell has fallen before the typesetting machines. On October 1st, his paper, the *New York Observer* will start out as a machine set paper.

Charles Jastram was a notable Newarker present at the Home picnic. The Misses Nettie Bothner, Margaret Jones and pretty Martha Jaycox, were confronted with no end of inquiries so to the cause of scarlet bands of ribbon enlarding their straw hats at the Home Picnic. No one was able to solve the anarchistic colors.

Schindler & Denis are out, so far as the latter is concerned. A Mr. Fischer, formerly a jewelry drummer, has succeeded Mr. Denis and the firm now reads Schindler & Fischer. They leave a big contract on hand, supplying badges to 1000 or more of the members of the Wine & Liquor Dealers' Association. Prospects are rosy.

A young married lady has put to a novel use, and one that proves pretty and effective, the badges designed for the Quad Club's picnic by Mr. Schindler. It serves to keep in place the mantel drapery. Other of the Quad Club members' wives should imitate and note the effect.

The proceedings of the Empire State Association Convention of 1894 are now a matter of history. Looking them over, Prof. Thomas F. Fox's paper evidences the careful preparation and research that characterizes all his theses. Whether it operates favorably on the life insurance companies, as the main point seems to direct to them, later developments will have to show. Prof. Selinay's remarks should awaken the enthusiasm of the rising generation of the State. The former seniors and sophs. of Fanwood cannot but look with favor on Mr. Selinay's suggestion. They would doubtless glory in having him in their midst on the old play-ground of Fanwood, there to dance around him in Indian fashion, in expressing their hearty approval of his suggestion. Should the Directors and Principal Currier favorably consider the recommendation of a collegiate department, the number of young men anxious to pursue a collegiate course in this city and no doubt State, will surprise those who have questioned the apparent lassitude shown by New York's deaf in taking a college course. Mr. Selinay's idea contains substantial food for reflection. Let us hope for the glory of the deaf of the State and Old Fanwood, the suggestion will receive the approval of the Directors of the Institute and Principal Currier. Another item worthy of commendation in the proceedings is the resolution concerning the classification of deaf-mute schools as charitable institutions. The Constitutional amendments are now busily engaged at Albany, making amendments. If outside suggestions are permissible, it would seem the proper time for the deaf, headed by the E. S. A., to put in an amendment. Strong arguments should be prepared, and attached thereto in approval the signature of every deaf-mute in the State. With such a formidable protest against defining deaf-mute schools as charitable institutions, the Constitutional Convention could not help but give it some attention. Perhaps the officers and members of the Association will give some thought to this. The one-day sessions of 1894 can be said to have prepared the way for greatly benefitting the deaf of the State.

Pigby, who builds boats and lets them out down at Canarsie Landing, arranged a series of yacht races, on the 26th ult. The sport drew a large crowd, and the entries, due to a spanking breeze, were in proportion to the crowd. There were a few upsets, but no lives lost. "The Yankee" was not in the race. Her owner was puffing away at a pair of oars in one of Capt. Mahoney's boats, over a mile course, trying to convince the JOURNAL representative he did not know how to row. In one respect he succeeded, coming in ahead of his opponent by a couple of boat lengths. In another respect he was not in the race, for the scribe, un-familiar with the short cuts of Jamaica Bay, traversed a full quarter-mile stretch more than the *Exponent*

man. The result of the race was a surprise to those who witnessed it. Not that Donnelly won, but that O'Brien came in so close at the finish after having rowed so much further. The winner was overflowing with "ifs" and "buts" at the conclusion. J. D. Sullivan (not the artist) has recently fallen into possession of a snug little fortune, aggregating \$8000 or more, bequeathed by a deceased relative in far distant Frisco. There are rumors in the air a fair lady of the City of Churches will soon appropriate the name of Mrs. J. D. Sullivan.

The Xavier Club will give up the buildings 27 and 29 West 16th Street, where it has been for several years, as the Central Direction of the Apostleship of Prayer, which now has its headquarters at 1611 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, will remove to New York and will occupy the club's old quarters. The Apostleship of Prayer is also known as the League of the Sacred Heart, and has a membership in the United States of nearly two millions, organized under 2,900 local orders. It is a Jesuit order. The Xavier Club has purchased from the Henrietta Levy estate, 205 West 14th Street, a four-story stone house, lot 25x96, for \$29,000. The club has recovered from its financial embarrassment of a year ago. Mr. Frank Brown is the only deaf-mute at present enrolled as a member of the Xavier Club.

Vice President Hutton, is reported as saying the New Jersey Picnic is going to be the event of the season. The ball cranks are some what perturbed over the probability of President Nash taking a position on the team. If he has lost none of his former cunning, when he used T. W. Brown's walking stick for a bat, the home-run column will be largely to his credit.

We might write a column on the good service Mr. Brown's stick used to do for old-time Fanwood boys, who played one o'eat in the valley dividing the plot fronting the Institution's work shops and the adjoining baryard. Fred, Stryker wielded the cane then George S. Porter also used to knock out sky-scrappers. The late Frank Crocker was one of the others. Myron Palmer was another youngster, who often shinned with Tom Brown's walking stick. Jas. F. Donnelly used to fan the air with it, and had to fall back on a four-inch fence rail. Tony Capelli frequently held up the tree that served as a base. As to Tom Brown, he was one of the best players of the alley playing crowd. The bat was his own, and the ball was of his manufacture. He was in the tailor shop, and waste strips cut by Tailor Roth, sewed together into a sphere, did good service. The game generally began immediately after supper, and is one of the pleasantest recollections of old days at Fanwood.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Convention is over, and has adjourned until next year at Williamsport. We can say, as many do with us, that it was in every way a success, and if we mistake not, a greater success than any of the previous Conventions of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. Beautiful Mt. Airy presented a charming scene all the week during the Convention. It was pleasant to observe so many old people there, who had graduated from the Institution at Broad and Pine Streets long ago, and who now look at the Institution in astonishment at its progress. There were so many there that we cannot remember the names of every individual. The reception on Wednesday evening was a pleasing feature of the Convention, but the closing performances on Thursday evening will long be remembered. It was a most touching incident in my life, if I cannot remember anything else besides. The presenting of a handsome easy-chair to Superintendent Crouter and the handsomely framed pictures to each of the matrons, was the event of the evening. Never have I seen so much love and admiration shown to the beloved Superintendent by his many deaf friends and pupils. It was really a scene which I shall never forget.

The excursion to Atlantic City on Friday was delightful. About two hundred went and enjoyed a plunge into the ocean.

I enjoyed the papers read by Mr. Crouter, A. L. Pach and Mr. Teegarden, at the Convention, but did not get out in time to hear the President's address. I had the pleasure of meeting many of my school and classmates, and of making many new acquaintances, especially of Editor Hodgson, George Porter, Mr. Maynard, Miss Knox, the Misses Hagyard and Schatz, of whom Reading ought to be proud. There were many others to whom I was introduced.

The accommodations and table-board were excellent. The rate was 25 cents per meal. It ought to have been 75 cents or \$1. We all had a very pleasant time during the week, and the Philadelphia Convention will long be remembered.

The Institution re-opens on September 18th, for the third year since its removal to Mt. Airy. Many new pupils are expected. The total enrollment of last year was 460, and with the admission of more new pupils, the attendance may pass the 500th mark.

Misses May and Nettie Stemple, of Stroudsburg, stopped at Easton for a day, while on their way home from the Convention. While there they were the guests of Mrs. Elam Will,

Oliver N. Krause, of Allentown, was in Easton a few days last week, visiting friends.

Rev. J. M. Koehler held services for the deaf at Allentown on Tuesday evening, August 28th, and at Wilkes-barre on Wednesday, August 27th. BONES.

EASTON, Sept. 3, 1894.

NEWARK, N. J.

As it will be seen in your adv. column about our picnic and festival, together with the games, in which handsome prizes will be given to the winners, it is our first annual picnic, but we have no doubt that it will be successful in every way, and that those who do not intend to be present will miss a rare treat, and everyone there will enjoy themselves immensely from the minute they enter up to the minute they leave, or it will be their own fault if they don't. There will be the usual attractions, such as swings, bowling alleys, etc., but the baseball match between our team and the Xavier mutes of New York, and the athletic games, will be the great attraction. I must ask every one who intends to compete for one or more prizes to send me his name, together with the fees, and state plainly in which he desires to compete, before or on September 14th, as this is important. It would aid us greatly in our arrangements, and also show how many would compete in a particular game. I must also request all who intend to take part in the games to be on hand at the time named in the programme. This is important, as it would help us to get through the whole programme. Those who come late will be debarred from competing. At night there will be dancing and bowling, for which handsome prizes will be offered. Thus it will be seen that all in our power will be done for the enjoyment of those that attend. Come one and all, and help our society, for in doing so you will be helping yourselves, and will go home with a fresh sweetheart. Of course I allude to the unmarried.

CHAS. PARTINGTON,
Chairman of Games Committee,
81 Somerset St., Newark, N. J.

WAITERS' SIGN-LANGUAGE.

QUICK SERVICE IN A RESTAURANT
RENDERED BY MEANS OF A SYSTEMS
OF SIGNALS.

"Is this a lunatic asylum or the board of trade?" asked a stranger who had wandered into a quick service restaurant in Monroe street.

No wonder he asked the question, says the Chicago Herald. It was a few minutes past the noon hour and the everyday stampede of wildfeyed and hungry lunchers was at its worst. The tables and the long counters had filled up and there was the usual clatter of dishes and knives and forks.

What surprised the stranger was the conduct of the colored waiters. One was clapping his hands and another was snapping his fingers. Others were holding three fingers in the air, doubling their fists and crossing their arms.

These mysterious signs and signals were being given to cooks at the back of the room, and were apparently understood. The stranger ordered beef rare, and the waiter immediately capped his hands twice and then made a motion with his hand as if he were trying to shake something off his finger.

"What did you mean by that," asked the stranger, as he turned in wonder and admiration to see a tall colored man give an imitation of a Dutch windmill.

"You wanted roast beef rare, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's what I ordered."

"How about that fellow waiving his arms?"

"That's chicken giblets. We've got about twenty-five signs. It does away with all the yelling."

"Do the signs that you make give any reasonable explanation of what is ordered?"

"Sometimes. You see when I clapped my hands twice that meant roast beef, and then when I made that motion with my hand, as if to shake off the drippings of blood, that meant to have it rare."

"It's a kind of Delsartean method."

"No, sir; the boss got it up. We have got a funny order for kidney stew. I'm afraid to show you, for fear they'll think I'm ordering it."

"I see; you make the action suit the thing to be ordered. When it's ice cream you'll roll up your collar and shiver, and if it's green apple pie you'll put both hands on your stomach and double up."

"Go on, boss. You're having fun with me. Here's your roast beef now," and he received it from another colored man, who was earnestly inviting him to "take it away."

Mr. James Thompson and his mother, of New York City, have been staying at Argyle N. Y., for two weeks. They returned home on the 6th of this month.

Mrs. John McCambridge, nee Mary L. Bennett, formerly a pupil of the Philadelphia Institution, would like to hear from her friends of Pennsylvania. Her address is 39 Saybrook Place, Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Agnes Romeyn, of Glenville, N. Y., accompanied by her deaf-mute daughter, Jane Romeyn, were at Amsterdam, N. Y., on a visit to Mrs. Romeyn's son. Afterwards they went to Milton, N. Y., and stayed a few days with Mr. J. Conda and family. During July they were guests of Mrs. Martha Van Epps, in Schenectady, N. Y.

COLUMBUS.

A Chapter on Superintendents.

KILLED ON THE RAILROAD.

A Deserving Peddler—Institution Improvements.

From our Columbus correspondent.

It is a rather curious coincidence that all of the gentlemen who have filled the position of Superintendent of the Institution, have been ministers or sons of ministers. Of the latter there are but two instances. Since the establishment of the institution in 1827, there have been eleven different superintendents, counting Rev. Ben. Talbot, who served as acting-superintendent for about a year. Another matter, a majority of them have been of the Presbyterian faith.

Rev. H. N. Hubbell, the first superintendent, served the longest, twenty-four years. Rev. Cary, the second superintendent, the shortest, about eleven months. Dr. G. O. Fay, now an instructor in the Hartford school, comes next in point of long service, being superintendent fourteen years, from 1846 to 1880. Rev. Collins Stone ruled the place eleven years, from 1881 to 1893, when he assumed charge of the Hartford institution. Messrs. Weed, until last June, Fay, Perry and Talbot, after severing their connection as heads of the institution, went back into the profession from which they were elevated, teaching in schools for the deaf. All but three of the superintendents are still living. The deceased are Hubbell, Cary and Stone. There have been three different superintendents of the institution, including the present one, since 1890, showing that changes are quite more frequent than they used to be, but as to the cause it is not necessary for us to state here. The school meanwhile in its advancement has not suffered, but has progressed steadily, keeping abreast, if not ahead of others of like character, under the able and efficient supervision of the Principal of Schools, Mr. Patterson.

An item in the *State Journal* of Tuesday states that Robert McClellan, a mute of Wellington, was run over and killed by a freight train two miles west of town. It is believed that the name given is misspelt, and that the real person is Robert McClave, who is known to reside in that place. It is unfortunate that the accident occurred. The deceased left a wife, nee Lottie Racer, and one or two children. He was a schoolmate of ours here in the sixties. Both of his parents are deaf-mutes, having been taught here, and are highly respected in their locality. We have been unable to get full particulars of the occurrence.

Chas. W. Climes was a pupil of the institution some years. He lost his hearing when twelve years of age, from spotted fever, which otherwise left him crippled in such a manner as to render it impossible for him to perform any kind of work. Yet he does not desire to be a charge upon any one, but prefers to make a living by his own energy. He is peddling small articles—all he is fit to do—and at the same time distributes and sells a small card upon which is printed the single-handed alphabet, instructions how to use it, and a short history as to how it came into vogue.

Mr. McGregor went to Dayton, Thursday, using his bicycle to take him there. On Sunday he will hold religious services in one of the churches for the benefit of the deaf of that city, taking the place of Rev. Mr. Mann.

Mrs. Mary Corbett, nee Dundon, is visiting her parents on Mt. Vernon Ave., and will remain several weeks. Her numerous friends are all glad to see her again. Mr. Corbett could not come along, for the reason that the mill he works in has a rush of orders and he does not care to take it easy while work is brisk.

The engine room has received a new floor. The dusty and oil-besmeared walls are no longer an eyesore—in fact, the place has undergone a general cleaning up, and now presents a very neat and inviting appearance. Even matting is laid down for walks, and to lend the place still more attractive the engineer has pictures on the walls and plants in the front part of the room.

It will be difficult hereafter, when one passes through the hall and looks into the steward's office, to know whether Mrs. Evans, the clerk, is in or not. One will have to step inside, and peep through the wire railing of the window counter to find out, as the stained glass on the north end of the counter obstructs the vision. The new window counter is a fine piece of work. It is made of oak, and was put up by the carpenters of the Institution.

Mr. Alfred Wood is back from Granville, where he was visiting relatives since he was here last. He has been the guest of Mr. McGregor and the institution while here, but goes to Cincinnati to-day, where he will spend a few days previous to going to Alabama.

Mrs. A. W. Mann came down from Cleveland yesterday, bringing with her a deaf boy to be kept here until

school opens. From her it is learned that Rev. A. W. Mann is at present visiting the wonders in classic Rome.

The *Kansas Star* is the first of the institution papers to twinkle among us. It made its appearance this week, and makes promises under certain conditions to be of greater magnitude the coming year.

Miss Bell Winton, of Excelsior, a classmate of Bessie McGregor, is visiting her.

Sept. 1, '94.

TRACY-WOODS.

UNIQUE AND PRETTY NUPTIALS.

Cupid is famous for pursuing his vacation in all sorts of places, and it has not been unknown, hitherto, for him to make captures in the school-room, where the lesson of love is sometimes more easily learned than the text-book's dreary chapters. In this instance, it was not pupils he practiced his arts upon, but dignified teachers, who, while faithfully imparting to others the wisdom of ancient, they themselves learnt the dear old, wise old, ever-new lesson of love. Prof. H. Lorraine Tracy and Miss Lee Woods, of the Louisiana State Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, are the accomplished teachers referred to, and the appearance of the cards announcing their approaching marriage was not altogether a surprise to those persons, who had an opportunity to observe that sign-language, which passes between people beginning to care for each other, and which is perfectly intelligible to every one, to those most interested last of all perhaps.

The wedding, set for Wednesday, August 8th, 1894, at high noon, drew a number of the friends of the happy young people to the residence of the bride's mother, on Government Street, promptly at the appointed hour. The parlor and hall of this pleasant home were made a perfect bower of beautiful floral decorations, the hot sun of August having refrained from withering all the flowers, sparing some to grace these nuptials. Roses gleamed from masses of ferns and foliage as if to vie with the bride, herself a fair flower in the garden of sweet and noble women. The rooms were filled with eager spectators, but not unpleasantly so, all awaiting the momentous instant when the contracting parties should appear.

The groom, handsome always, but more so on this occasion because of his happiness, was first escorted to his place and hither his bride was brought a moment later, leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. Eddie Woods, of Long Beach, Miss. Rev. S. Keener, of the Methodist Church, read the marriage service, and the Rev. Job Turner, Episcopal missionary to the deaf-mutes throughout the South, interpreted it with the expressive gestures that make spoken language almost a superfluity. He was followed with rapt attention by all, and the more impressive by his rendition of it. The ceremony over, the guests crowded about the bride and groom to offer by smile or kiss or eloquent gestures their heartfelt congratulations. Then heart spoke to heart indeed.

The bride made a charming little picture in her costume of white organdie, over silk, trimmed with satin ribbon and rich lace. Ere long she slipped away to reappear shortly in a traveling dress of tan suiting, with brown satin trimmings and hat to match.

A nice lunch was partaken of in the tastefully-decorated dining room, before the departure of the bridal couple on the south bound train, to spend the first weeks of the honeymoon at Biloxi, Miss. An old shoe thrown after them accentuated the important change in their lives, a change which as far as human can force, will be fortunate and happy in every respect.

Mr. Tracy has been for some time an efficient teacher and an able coadjutor of Supt. Jastremski in improving the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. He will continue to fill his position, but Mrs. Tracy will give up teaching. They will reside near the Institute on St. Ferdinand Street. Mr. Tracy is from Iowa, and is a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C. Possessed of a bright mind and an amiable character, he has made many friends by his attractive personality, and since he has chosen for himself a Southern bride, a noble Louisiana girl, he has sealed all hearts to him. He may well feel assured that he has won a true helpmate, a loving wife, who will be a congenial companion.

"Love's history, as Life's, is ended not by marriage." The ring is a fit emblem of wedded love. May their world be irradiated by love, and may it be made vocal by the music that perfect trust and contentment makes in the heart, and which as far transcends all other melody as heaven surpasses earth.—*Weekly Truth, Baton Rouge, La., Aug. 11.*

THE DEAF-MUTE.

The Silent! Those who cannot hear
The joyous, thrilling song of bird,
Whose closed ears have never heard
The tones of those they hold most dear.

Whose lips are mute, who cannot share
Together love's sweet love-toned words;
Whose souls have never been waked or stirred
By cheerful sounds of morning air.

The loving cows, the tinkling bell,
The busy hum of working bees;
The music of the whistling breeze
And ploughman's sighing o'er hill and dell.

Alas! for them who are denied
Expression's dear and sweet relief;
Whose joy unsung and unsolaced grief
Within their pent-up bosoms bides hid.
L. M. GREGG.
Washington C. H., Ohio.

